When I did speake of some distressed stroake
That my youth suffered: my story being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes;
She swore I faith twas strange, twas passing strange;
Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull;
She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
That Heauen had made her such a man: she thanked me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this heate I spake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.
And I lou'd her that she did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, *and the rest.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter too, ----
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction lite on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to respect you, you are Lord of all my duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may professe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires;
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your sake Iewell,
I am glad at soule. I haue no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
Which as a greese or step may helpe these louers
Into your fauour.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on;
What cannot be preseru'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,
But the free comfort, which from thence he heares:
But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall:
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare:
Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cipre*
Othello, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho
haue there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a
ueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you; y
must therefore bee content to slubber the gloss of your new f
tunes, with this more stubborne and boisterous expedition.